The Skyscraper.

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

When I stood one Sunday morning in a gap watching for her to speed around the Narrows. Many locomotives as I have seen and ridden, a new one is always a wonder to me—chokes me up, even, it means so much. I hear men rave over horses and marvel at it when I think of the iron horse. I hear them chatter of distance, and my mind turns to the annihilator. I hear them brag of ships, and I think of the ship that plows the mountains and rivers and plains. And when they talk of speed—what can I think of but her?

As the new engine rolled into the yards my heart beat quicker. Her lines were too imposing to call strong. They were massive, yet so simple you could draw them, like the needle snout of a collie, to a very point.

Every bearing looked precise, every joint looked supple, as she swept magnificently up and checked herself, panting, in front of us.

Foley was in the cab. He had been east on a lay-off and so happened to bring in the new monster, wild, from the river shops.

She was built in Pennsylvania, but the fellows on the Missouri end of our line thought nothing could ever safely be put into our hands until they had stopped it en route and looked it over.

"How does she run, Foley?" asked Neighbor, gloating silently over the toy.

"Cool as an icebox," said Foley, swinging down. "She's a regular summer resort. Little stiff on the hills yet."

"We'll take that out of her," mused Neighbor, climbing into the cab to look her over. "Boys, this is up in a balloon," he added, pushing his big head through the cab window and peering down at the ninety inch drivers under him.

"I grew dizzy once or twice looking for the ponies," declared Foley, biting off a piece of tobacco as he hitched at his overalls. "She looms like a skyscraper. Say, Neighbor, I'm to get her myself, ain't I?" asked Foley, with his usual nerve.

"When McNeal gets through with her, yes," returned Neighbor gruffly, giving her a thimble of steam and trying the air.

"What!" cried Foley, affecting surprise. "You going to give her to the kid?"

"I am," returned the master mechanic unfeelingly, and he kept his word.

Georgie McNeal, just reporting for work after the session in his cab with the loose end of a connecting rod, was invited to take out the skyscraper—488, Class H—as she was listed, and Dad Hamilton of course took the scoop to fire her.

"They got everything good that's going," grumbled Foley.

"They are good people," retorted Neighbor. He also assigned a helper to the old fireman. It was a new thing with us then, a fellow with a slice bar to tickle the grate, and Dad, of course, kicked. He always kicked. Neighbor wasted no words. He simply sent the helper back to wiping until the old fireman should cry enough.

Very likely you know that a new engine must be regularly broken, as a horse is broken, before it is ready for steady hard work. And as Georgie McNeal was not very strong yet, he was appointed to do the breaking.

For two months it was a picnic—light runs and easy lay overs. After the smash at the Narrows Hamilton had sort of taken the kid engineer under his wing, and it was pretty generally understood that any one who elbowed Georgie McNeal must reckon with his doughty old fireman. So the two used to march up and down street together, as much like chums as a very young engineer and a very old fireman possibly could be. They talked together, walked together and ate together. Foley was as jealous as a cat of Hamilton, because he had brought Georgie out west and felt a sort of guardian interest in that quarter himself. Really anybody would love Georgie McNeal; old Dad Hamilton was proof enough of that.

One evening, just after pay day, I saw the pair in the postoffice lobby getting their checks cashed. Presently the two stepped over to the money order window. A moment later each came away with a money order.

"Is that where you leave your wealth, Georgie?" I asked as he came up to speak to me.

"Part of it goes there every month, Mr. Reed," he smiled. "Checks are running light, too, now—eh, Dad?"

"A young fellow like you ought to be putting money away in the bank," said I.

"Well, you see I have a bank back in Pennsylvania, a bank that is now sixty years old and getting gray headed. I haven't sent her much since I've been on the relief, so I'm trying to make up a little now for my old mammy."

"Where does yours go, Dad?" I asked.

"Me," answered the old man evasively, "I've got a boy back east; getting to be a big one too. He's in school. When are you going to give us a passenger run with the skyscraper, Neighbor?" asked Hamilton, turning to the master mechanic.

"Soon as we get this wheat, up on the high line, out of the way," replied Neighbor. "We haven't half engines enough to move it, and I get a wire about every six hours to move it faster. Every siding's blocked, clear to Belgrade. How many of those 60,000 pound cars can you take over Beverly hill with your skyscraper?"

He was asking both men. The engineer looked at his chum.

"I reckon maybe thirty five or forty," said McNeal. "Eh, Dad?"

"Maybe, son," growled Hamilton, "and break my back doing it?"

"I gave you a helper once, and you kicked him off the tender," retorted Neighbor.

"Don't want anybody raking ashes for me—not while I'm drawing full time," Dad frowned.

But the upshot of it was that we put the skyscraper at hauling wheat, and within a week she was doing the work of a double header.

It was May, and a thousand miles east of us, in Chicago, there was trouble in the wheat pit on the board of trade. You would hardly suspect what queer things that wheat scramble gave rise to, affecting Georgie McNeal and old man Hamilton and a lot of other fellows away out on a railroad division on the western plain, but this was the way of it:

A man sitting in a little office on Lasalle street wrote a few words on a very ordinary looking sheet of paper and touched a button. That brought a colored boy, and he took the paper out to a young man who sat at the eastern end of a private wire.

The next thing we knew orders began to come in hot from the president's office—the president of the road, if you please—to get that wheat on the high line into Chicago, and to get it there quickly.

Trainmen, elevator men, superintendents of motive power, were spurred with special orders and special bulletins. Farmers, startled by the great prices offering, hauled night and day. Every old tub we had in the shops and on the scrap was overhauled and hustled into the service. The division danced with excitement. Every bushel of wheat on it must be in Chicago by the morning of May 31.

For two weeks we worked everything to the limit. The skyscraper led any two engines on the line. Even Dad Hamilton was glad to cry enough and take a helper. We doubled them every day, and the way the wheat flew over the line toward the lower end of Lake Michigan was appalling to speculators. It was a battle between two commercial giants, and a battle to the death. It shook not alone the country; it shook the world. But that was nothing to us; our orders were simply to move the wheat. And the wheat moved.

The last week found us pretty well cleaned up, but the high price brought grain out of cellars and wells, the buyers said—at least, it brought all the

The cab for a passing instant rose in the air.

boarded wheat and much of the seed wheat, and the 28th day of the month found fifty cars of wheat still in the Zanesville yards. I was at Harvard working on a time card when the word came, and behind it a special from the general manager stating there was $1,000 premium in it for the company, besides tariff, if we got that wheat into Chicago by Saturday morning.

The train end of it didn't bother me any. It was the motive power that kept us studying. However, we figured that by running McNeal with the skyscraper back wild we could put all the wheat behind her in one train. As it happened, Neighbor was at Harvard too.

"Can they ever get over Beverly with 50, Neighbor?" I asked doubtfully.

"We'll never know till we try it," growled Neighbor. "There's a thousand for the company if they do; that's all. How'll you run them? Give them plenty of sea room. They'll have to gallop to make it."

Cool and reckless planning, taking the daring chances, straining the flesh and blood, driving the steel loaded to the snapping point—that was what it meant. But the company wanted results, wanted the prestige and the premium too. To gain them we were expected to stretch our little resources to the uttermost.

I studied a minute, then turned to the dispatcher.

"Tell Norman to send them out as second 4. That gives the right of way over every wheel against them. If they can't make it on that kind of schedule, it isn't in the track."

It was extraordinary business, rather, sending a train of wheat through on a passenger schedule, practically as the second section of our eastbound flier, but we took hair lifting chances on the plains.

It was noon when the orders were flashed. At 3 o'clock No. 4 was due to leave Zanesville. For three hours I kept the wires busy warning all operators and trainmen, even switch engines and yardmasters, of the wheat special, second 4.

The flier, the first section and regular passenger train, was checked out of Zanesville on time. Second 4, which meant Georgie McNeal, Dad, the skyscraper and fifty loads of wheat, reported out at 3:10. While we worked on our time card Neighbor in the dispatcher's office across the hall figured out that the wheat train would enrich the company just $11,000, tolls and premium, "if it doesn't break in two on Beverly hill," growled Neighbor, with a qualm.

On the dispatcher's sheet, which is a sort of panorama, I watched the big train whirl past station after station, drawing steadily nearer to us, and doing it, the marvel, on full passenger time. It was a great feat, and Georgie McNeal, whose nerve and brain were guiding the tremendous load, was breaking records with every milestone.

They were due in Harvard at 9 o'clock. The first 4, our flier, pulled in and out on time, meeting 55, the westbound overland freight, at the second station east of Harvard—Redbud.

Neighbor and I sat with the dispatchers up in their office, smoking. The wheat train was now due from the west, and, looking at my watch, I stepped to the western window. Almost immediately I heard the long, peculiarly hollow blast of the skyscraper whistling for the upper yard.

"She's coming," I exclaimed.

The boys crowded to the window, but Neighbor happened to glance to the east.

"What's that coming in from the Junction, Bailey?" he exclaimed, turning to the local dispatcher. We looked and saw a headlight in the east.

"That's 55."

"Where do they meet?"

"Fifty-five takes the long siding in from the Junction"—which was two miles east—"and she ought to be on it right now," added the dispatcher anxiously, looking over the master mechanic's shoulder. Neighbor jumped as if a bullet had struck him. "She'll never take a siding tonight. She's coming down the main track. What's her orders?" he demanded furiously.

"Meeting orders for first 4 at Redbud, second 4 here, 78 at Glencoe. Great Jupiter," cried the dispatcher, and his face went sick and scared, "they've forgotten second 4!"

"They'll think of her a long time dead," roared the master mechanic savagely, jumping to the west window. "Throw your red lights! There's the skyscraper now!"

Her head shot that instant around the coal chutes less than a mile away, and 55 going dead against her. I stood like one paisied, my eyes glued on the burning eye of the big engine. As she whipped past a street arc light I caught a glimpse of Georgie McNeal's head out of the cab window. He always rode bareheaded if the night was warm, and I knew it was he; but suddenly, like a flash, his head went in. I knew why as well as if my eyes were his eyes and my thoughts his thoughts. He had seen red signals where he had every right to look for white.

But red signals now—to stop her—to pull her flat on her haunches like a broncho? Shake a weather flag at a cyclone!

I saw the fire stream from her drivers. I knew they were churning in the sand. I knew he had twenty air cars behind him sliding. What of it?

Two thousand tons were sweeping forward like an avalanche. What did brains or pluck count for now with 55 dancing along like a schoolgirl right into the teeth of it?

I don't know how the other men felt. As for me, my breath choked in my throat, my knees shook, and a deadly nausea seized me. Unable to avert the horrible blunder, I saw its hideous results.

Darkness hid the worst of the sight; it was the sound that appalled. Children asleep in sod shanties miles from where the two engines reared in awful shock jumped in their cribs at that crash. Fifty-five's little engine barely checked the skyscraper. She split it like a banana. She bucked like a frantic horse and leaped fearfully ahead. There was a blinding explosion, a sudden awful burst of steam. The windows crashed about our ears, and we were dashed to the wall and floor like lead pencils. A baggage truck, whipped up from the platform below, came through the heavy sash and down on the dispatcher's table like a brickbat, and as we scrambled to our feet a shower of wheat suffocated us. The air heaved. Freight cars slid into the depot like battering rams. In the height of the confusion an oil tank in the yard took fire and threw a yellow glare on the ghastly scene.

I saw men get up and fall again to their knees. I was shivering and wet with sweat. The stairway was crushed into kindling wood. I climbed out a back window, down on the roof of the freight platform and so to the ground. There was a running to and fro, useless and aimless; men were beside themselves. They plunged through wheat up to their knees at every step. All at once, above the frantic hissing of the buried skyscraper and the wild calling of the car tinks, I heard the stentorian tones of Neighbor, mounted on a twisted truck, organizing the men at hand into a wrecking gang. Soon people began running up the yard to where the skyscraper lay, like another Samson, prostrate in the midst of the destruction it had wrought. Foremost among the excited men, covered with dirt and blood, staggered Dad Hamilton.

"Where's McNeal?" cried Neighbor.

Hamilton pointed to the wreck.

"Why didn't he jump?" yelled Neighbor.

Hamilton pointed at the twisted sig-

"You changed the signals on him," he cried savagely. "What does it mean? We had right against everything. What does it mean?" he raved, in a frenzy.

Neighbor answered him never a word; he only put his hand on Dad's shoulder.

"Find him first! Find him!" he repeated, with a strain in his voice I never heard till then, and the two giants hurried away together. When I reached the skyscraper, buried in the thick of the smash, roaring like a volcano, the pair were already into the jam like a brace of ferrets, hunting for the engine crews. It seemed an hour, though it was much less, before they found any one; then they brought out 55's fireman. Neighbor found him. But his back was broken. Back again they wormed through twisted trucks, under splintered beams—in and around and over—choked with heat, blinded by steam, shouting as they groped, listening for word or cry or gasp.

Soon we heard Dad's voice in a different cry, one that meant everything, and the wreckers, turning like beavers through a dozen blind trails, gathered all close to the big fireman. He was under a great piece of the cab where none could follow, and he was crying for a bar. They passed him a bar; other men, careless of life and limb, tried to crawl under and in to him, but he warned them back. Who but a man baked twenty years in an engine cab could stand the steam that poured on him where he lay?

Neighbor, just outside, flashing a light, heard the labored strain of his breathing, saw him getting half up, bend to the bar, and saw the iron give like lead in his hands as he pried mightily.

Neighbor heard and told me long afterward how the old man flung the bar away with an imprecation and cried for one to help him, for a minute meant a life now. The boy lying pinned under the shattered cab was roasting in a jet of live steam. The master mechanic crept in.

By signs Dad told him what to do and then, getting on his knees, crawled straight into the dash of the white jet—crawled into it and got the cab on his shoulders.

Crouching an instant, the giant muscles of his back set in a tremendous effort. The wreckage snapped and groaned, the knotted legs slowly and painfully straightened, the cab for a passing instant rose in the air, and in that instant Neighbor dragged Georgie McNeal from out the vise of death and passed him, like a pinch bar, to the men waiting next behind. Then Neighbor pulled Dad back, blind now and senseless. When they got the old fireman out he made a pitiful struggle to pull himself together. He tried to stand up, but the sweat broke over him, and he sank in a heap at Neighbor's feet.

That was the saving of Georgie McNeal, and out there they still tell you about that lift of Dad Hamilton's.

We put him on the cot at the hospital next to his engineer. Georgie, dreadfully bruised and scalded, came on fast in spite of his hurts, but the doctor said Dad had wrenched a tendon in that frightful effort, and he lay there a very sick and very old man long after the young engineer was up and around telling of his experience.

"When we cleared the chutes I saw white signals, I thought," he said to me at Dad's bedside. "I knew we had the right of way over everything. It was a hustle anyway on that schedule, Mr. Reed, you know that—an awful hustle with our load. I never choked her a notch to run the yards. Didn't mean to do it with the Junction grade to climb just ahead of us. But I looked out again, and, by hokey, I thought I'd gone crazy, got color blind—red signals! Of course I thought I must have been wrong the first time I looked. I choked her. I threw the air. I dumped the gravel. Heavens! She never felt it! I couldn't figure how we were wrong, but there was the red light. I yelled, 'Jump, Dad!' and he yelled, 'Jump, son!' Didn't you, Dad?

"He jumped, but I wasn't ever going to jump, and my engine going full against a red lamp. Not much.

"I kind of dodged down behind the head; when she struck it was biff, and she jumped about twenty feet up straight. She didn't? Well, it seemed like it. Then it was biff, biff, biff, one after another. With that train behind her she'd have gone through Beverly hill. Did you ever buck snow with a rotary, Mr. Reed? Well, that was about it, even to the rolling and heaving. Dad, want to lie down? Le' me get another pillow behind you. Isn't that better? Poor Musgrave!" he added, speaking of the engineer of 55, who was instantly killed. "He and the fireman both. Hard lines, but I'd rather have it that way, I guess, if I was wrong. Eh, Dad?"

Even after Georgie went to work Dad lay in the hospital. We knew he would never shovel coal again. It cost him his good back to lift Georgie loose, so the surgeon told us, and I could believe it, for when they got the jacks under the cab next morning, and Neighbor told the wrecking gang that Hamilton alone had lifted it six inches the night before on his back the wrecking boss fairly snorted at the statement, but Hamilton did just the same.

"Son," muttered Dad one night to Georgie, sitting with him, "I want you to write a letter for me."

"Sure."

"I've been sending money to my boy back east," explained Dad feebly. "I told you he's in school."

"I know, Dad."

"I haven't been able to send any since I've been by, but I'm going to send some when I get my relief. Not so much as I used to send. I want you to kind of explain why."

"What's his first name, Dad, and where does he live?"

"It's a lawyer that looks after him—a man that tends to my business back there."

"Well, what's his name?"

"Scaylor—Ephraim Scaylor."

"Scaylor?" echoed Georgie in amazement.

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"Why, that's the man mother and I had so much trouble with. I wouldn't write to that man. He's a rascal, Dad."

"What did he ever do to you and your mother?"

"I'll tell you, Dad, though it's a matter I don't like to talk about much. My father had trouble back there fifteen or sixteen years ago. He was running an engine and had a wreck. There were some passengers killed. The dispatcher managed to throw the blame on father, and they indicted him for manslaughter. He pretty near went crazy, and all of a sudden he disappeared, and we never heard of him from that day to this. But this man Scaylor, mother stuck to it, knew something about where father was, only he always denied it."

Trembling like a leaf, Dad raised up on his elbow. "What's your mother's name, son? What's your name?"

Georgie looked confused. "I'll tell you, Dad. There's nothing to be ashamed of. I was foolish enough, I told you once, to go out on a strike with the engineers down there. I was only a kid, and we were all blacklisted. So I used my middle name, McNeal. My full name is George McNeal Sinclair."

The old fireman made a painful effort to sit up, to speak, but he choked. His face contracted, and Georgie rose frightened. With a herculean effort the old man raised himself up and grasped Georgie's hands.

"Son," he gasped to the astonished boy, "don't you know me?"

"Of course I know you, Dad. What's the matter with you? Lie down."

"Boy, I'm your own father. My name is David Hamilton Sinclair. I had the trouble, Georgie." He choked up like a child, and Georgie McNeal went white and scared; then he grasped the gray haired man in his arms.

When I dropped in an hour later they were talking hysterically. Dad was explaining how he had been sending money to Scaylor every month, and Georgie was contending that neither he nor his mother had ever seen a cent of it. But one great fact overshadowed all the villainy that night—father and son were united and happy and a message had already gone back to the old home from Georgie to his mother, telling her the good news.

"And that indictment was wiped out long ago against father," said Georgie to me, "but that rascal Scaylor kept writing him for money to fight it with and to pay for my schooling—and this was the kind of schooling I was getting all the time. Wouldn't that kill you?"

I couldn't sleep till I had hunted up Neighbor and told him about it, and next morning we wired transportation back for Mrs. Sinclair to come out on.

Less than a week afterward a gentle little old woman stepped off the flier at Zanesville and into the arms of Georgie Sinclair. A smart rig was in waiting, to which her son hurried her, and they were driven rapidly to the hospital. When they entered the old fireman's room together the nurse softly closed the door behind them.

But when they sent for Neighbor and me, I suppose we were the two biggest fools in the hospital, trying to look unconscious of all we saw in the faces of the group at Dad's bed.

He never got his old strength back, yet Neighbor fixed him out, for all that. The skyscraper, once our pride, was so badly stove that we gave up hope of restoring her for a passenger run. So Neighbor built her over into a sort of dub engine for short runs, stubs, and so on; and though Dad had vowed long ago when unjustly condemned, that he would never more touch a throttle, we got him to take the skyscraper and the Acton run.

And when Georgie, who takes the flier every other day, is off duty he climbs into Dad's cab, shoves the old gentleman aside and shoots around the yard in the rejuvenated skyscraper at a hair raising rate of speed.

After awhile the old engine got so full of alkali that Georgie gave her a new name—Soda Water Sal—and it hangs to her yet. We thought the best of her had gone in the Harvard wreck, but there came a time when Dad and Soda Water Sal showed us we were very much mistaken.

"Son," he gasped to the astonished boy, "don't you know me?"

Graceless Children.

Michael Minot, a French preacher, who died in Paris in 1518, was noted for his eccentricities in the pulpit and the rapidity with which he changed from humor to pathos, from the commonplace to the beautiful. "There were once pillories for swearers," he said on a certain occasion, "but if the law were enforced now two-thirds of the empire would be in the stocks and there would be the child of five years and the dotard of eighty who has only two teeth remaining to fling out an oath." Changing suddenly to denounce those who neglected the aged parents who had cherished them in prosperity, he said: "See the trees flourish and recover their leaves! It is their root that has produced all, but when the branches are loaded with flowers and fruits they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusement and to game away their own fortunes to giving their old parents the care which they want."

STATE SCORES IN THAW TRIAL BY THE JUDGE'S RULING.

White's Brother-In-Law Allowed to Testify. News In General.

New York, March 13.—District Attorney Jerome, during the session of the Thaw trial, played probably the strongest card he holds—evidence which came to his knowledge but a few days ago and which undoubtedly caused him to abandon the idea of sending White's slayer to a madhouse and to try for a straight-out conviction under the criminal statutes. The evidence came from Stanford White's brother-in-law, James Clinch Smith, who told a remarkably clear, succinct story of the events of the Madison Square Garden the night White was killed, and of a long conversation he had with Thaw just prior to the shooting. Harry Thaw sat for some time with Smith during the fateful first performance of "Mamselle Champagne," and discussed with him a variety of topics in a manner, Mr. Smith declared, such as any sane man would talk. Mr. Smith gave the conversation in detail, omitting nothing, he asserted. With the brother-in-law of the man who was so soon to be a victim of his pistol, Thaw discussed the play, Wall street, common acquaintances, plans for the summer and many other things, including a "buxom brunette" whom Thaw declared he was anxious to have Smith meet. Thaw said he and his wife were going abroad later in the summer. There was no hint anywhere in the repeated conversation of Thaw's intent to inflict bodily harm upon any one. Mr. Smith did say, however, that Thaw, not having a reserved seat, roamed about the garden and continually looked in the direction of the spot where he subsequently killed Stanford White.

Attorney Delmas, for the defense, bitterly fought the introduction of this testimony for nearly two hours. He declared that Mr. Smith was properly a witness in chief and should not be allowed to testify in rebuttal. Mr. Jerome replied that he had known only for a few days the real value of Mr. Smith's testimony—the conversations with Thaw—and he appealed to the discretion of the court to allow the testimony to go in. Justice Fitzgerald held that in the interest of justice the jury was entitled to all the facts. It was one of the most serious blows the judge has dealt the defense.

Photographer Called.

Rudolph Eckmyer, the photographer, who took the pictures of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw which have been introduced in evidence, was called. The photographer was employed by Stanford White. He had no sooner been sworn than it developed that Eckmyer also had been employed by White to make the photographic copy of the affidavit Evelyn Nesbit is said to have made in Hummel's office. Mr. Eckmyer identified the negatives made from the affidavits, but they were not offered in evidence. Mr. Jerome next tried to get the photographer to fix the dates of certain pictures for which Evelyn Nesbit posed, hoping thus to establish the day the Nesbit girl says she had the experience with Stanford White in the Twenty-fourth street house.

Mr. Delmas objected on the ground that the evidence tended to contradict Mrs. Thaw's story, and was not permissible. Mr. Jerome said he desired to take advantage of the waiver Mr. Delmas had made at the beginning of the trial in regard to rebutting Mrs. Thaw's story.

"If you will let me fix the dates of these pictures," he said, "I will show that on the night following the day they were taken, when Mrs. Thaw says she was ruined, Stanford White was not in the Twenty-fourth street house at all."

There was another policeman on the stand who saw Thaw the night of the tragedy, and who declared the defendant at that time acted in a rational manner.

Mr. Jerome also summoned to the stand Dr. Carlton Flint, the physician, to whom Evelyn Nesbit is said to have gone with Jack Barrymore, the actor. Mr. Delmas objected and Dr. Flint was not allowed to testify. It was said later that Dr. Flint had been served with a new subpoena—by the defense—and that he would be called in sur-rebuttal to answer the questions he was not permitted to answer.

The end of the trial seems to be in sight. Tentative plans for the final stages of the trial have been agreed upon by opposing counsel, even to the detail of alloting the time for the summing up.

Jamestown Stamps.

Washington, March 13.—The postmaster general decided to add a 5-cent stamp to the ones and twos already determined upon to constitute the commemoration series for the Jamestown tercentennial exposition. The 5-cent stamp will bear a likeness of the head of Pocahontas, printed in blue.

Date of the Hague Conference.

Washington, March 13.—State department officials admitted that the next Hague conference unquestionably will be held early in June, although no date has been positively fixed. Many nations which are to participate in the conference have expressed a desire that it shall be held in June, and an announcement positively fixing the date is expected in a short time.

Bulgarians Convicted.

Terre Haute, Ind., March 13.—Kotef and Gradtus Grastus, Bulgarians, charged with levying blackmail on a Macedonian here in the interest of the revolutionary committee at Sofia, Bulgaria, were found guilty and sentenced to prison for an indeterminate term.

BUSINESS MEN

Intervene in the Louisville Strike. Suggest Arbitration.

Louisville, Ky., March 13.—A continuation of the disorders, the suspension of service after an intermittent and ineffectual operation, and the first move toward intervention by the commercial interests of the city, were the features of the third day of the strike of the union employes of the Louisville Railway company. Half a dozen persons, all policemen or employes of the company, were hurt, none of them dangerously, however, by stones and flying glass as the result of attacks on cars by sympathizers. Committees representing the Commercial club, board of trade and the Merchants and Manufacturers' association called on Mayor Barth to lay before him reports of the inefficient and inadequate force furnished by the police department for protection of cars and passengers and suppression of disorders. Mayor Barth gave emphatic assurance that the men available for duty had done all possible, but he further pledged himself to see that the police protection would be up to all requirements from now on. The committees voted him the thanks of their respective organizations and sent subcommittees to confer with President Minary of the railway company. The result of this conference was strictly guarded, and all concerned refused to say what transpired. It was reported, however, on good authority, that the commercial bodies urged Mr. Minary to consent to an arbitration of the strike issues.

LAND FRAUDS

More Gigantic in Idaho Than in the Other States.

Lewiston, Idaho, March 13.—Hints from Boise as to startling land fraud disclosures at Lewiston tend to confirm reports that the government has for a year considered the land frauds in Idaho more gigantic than in either Oregon, Montana or Washington, and that it is the intention of the government to sift them to the bottom, bring guilty ones to trial and then bring reentrance proceedings after conviction to secure repossession of the lands fraudulently secured. This latter step will mean great financial loss and perhaps ruin to many private individuals and banking institutions which are or have been, it is asserted, directly or indirectly connected with the handling or ownership of lands said to have been fraudulently acquired.

Canal Work.

Charleston, S. C., March 13.—Conditions in general in the Panama canal zone are declared to be extremely favorable for completion of the canal within the eight years ending Jan. 1, 1915, as estimated by the engineers in charge of the work, in the opinion of the committees from commercial clubs in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, who arrived here after a visit to the isthmus. The committees found, according to their reports, that the greatest hindrance to rapid progress is a lack of adequate dumping facilities, due to a shortage of cars. The investigators also found that some of the complaints which have been made concerning the preparation of food for the laborers appeared to be well founded.

Predicts Tremendous Panic.

Washington, March 13.—A. B. Stickney of St. Paul, president of the Chicago & Great Western railroad, who arrived here from the south, in an interview discussing the railroad agitation said: "The people are now laying the foundation firm and strong for a tremendous panic." Mr. Stickney said he does not believe that the crisis will be reached within the next two years, but he took the position that it will certainly come and will be even more disastrous than the panic of 1893-4.

Moyer-Haywood Case.

Caldwell, Idaho, March 13.—The case against Moyer, Haywood and Petthone, officials of the Western Federation of Miners, charged with complicity in the assassination of former Governor Steunenberg, came up on motion to dismiss. Failing to have the case dismissed, counsel for the defense planned to make a motion for a change of venue, which Judge Wood agreed to hear. The state will fight the motion vigorously.

Struck a Landslide.

Hinton, W. Va., March 13.—Through passenger train No. 3 on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad struck a landslide and was wrecked five miles east of Hinton. J. W. Flanagan, one of the oldest engineers on the C. & O., was killed, and Fireman Michael Quinn was fatally injured. None of the passengers was injured. The double track was torn up for 100 yards and it required about eight hours to clear it.

Land Order Modified.

Washington, March 13.—In a letter to Secretary Garfield President Roosevelt has directed a modification of the orders issued under his direction last year, withdrawing certain lands from coal entry. Conformably to the president's directions, about 28,000,000 acres of coal land will be immediately opened to entry with other lands, to be opened as rapidly as the geological survey can make the examinations.

Fish a Director.

St. Louis, March 13. — Stuyvesant Fish, former president of the Illinois Central railroad, was elected a director of the Missouri Pacific railroad at the regular annual stockholders' meeting, held in the general office here. Mr. Fish was elected to succeed John Hazen Hyde.